

DELL  
A DELL COMIC

AUGUST

10¢

# The Lone Ranger

52 pages

ALL COMICS!



# Western Bridles

## Braided RAWHIDE



THIS TYPE OF BRIDLE HAS BEEN POPULAR FOR MANY YEARS, ESPECIALLY IN CALIFORNIA AND OTHER SECTIONS OF THE SOUTHWEST. IT IS A NEAT OUTFIT, VERY STRONG, AND BRAIDED IN FOUR, SIX, OR EIGHT STRANDS. THE REINS HAVE NUMEROUS ORNAMENTAL BUTTONS AND ARE FINISHED AT THE END WITH A "ROMAL" OR, QUIRT WHICH IS ATTACHED TO THE REINS. THE BIT SHOWN HERE IS THE FAMOUS SANTA BARBARA LOOSE-JAW, ONE OF THE BEST BITS EVER CREATED FOR A SADDLE HORSE.

## Woven HORSEHAIR

VERY FANCY AND COLORFUL BUT NOT TOO PRACTICAL. MANY OF THESE BRIDLES WERE MADE BY CONVICTS IN THE PRISONS OF THE SOUTHWEST. THEY ARE USUALLY WOVEN OF BLACK, WHITE, AND BAY HAIR, IN INTRICATE DESIGNS AND DECORATED WITH LONG HAIRY TASSELS AND HANDMADE SILVER ORNAMENTS. FEW COWBOYS USE AN OUTFIT OF THIS SORT AND THEY ARE ORDINARILY FOUND IN PARADE OUTFITS OR AS DECORATIONS IN TACK ROOMS.



## The SILVER MOUNTED

STRICTLY HORSE SHOW, WILD WEST SHOW OR PARADE EQUIPMENT. THE AVERAGE WORKING COWBOY CANNOT AFFORD A BRIDLE OF THIS TYPE EVEN IF HE WANTS ONE. MOST OF THESE OUTFITS ARE COVERED WITH STERLING SILVER ORNAMENTS OR CONCHAS, AND MANY OF THEM ARE OVERLAD WITH GOLD OR INLAIN WITH RUBIES, DIAMONDS OR OTHER PRECIOUS STONES. IT IS NOT UNUSUAL FOR A BRIDLE OF THIS SORT TO COST FOUR OR FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS. EQUIPMENT OF THIS TYPE DOES MUCH TOWARD DRESSING UP A FINE PARADE HORSE.



THE LONE RANGER, Vol. 1, No. 26, August, 1936. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y. Editor: George F. Delacorte, Jr., President, Nelson Meyer, Vice President, Albert F. Delacorte, Vice President. Entered as second-class matter November 13, 1948 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1979. Subscription in U.S.A., \$3.00 per year, Single copies, 12 cents. Foreign subscriptions, \$5.00 per year, no Canadian subscriptions accepted. Copyright, 1936, 1937, by The Lone Ranger, Inc., 1938, by Western Printing & Lithographing Co. Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc. Printed in U.S.A. Designed and prepared by Western Printing & Lithographing Co.

# The Lone Ranger

## and THE BLACK BARTON GANG

Over 1000 The Lone Ranger Stories  
Published by King Features Syndicate, Inc.





NO ONE DARES FOLLOW THE BLACK BARTON GANG!

HIS DAYS ARE NUMBERED! THE LONE RANGER IS COMING TUH HELP FIGHT HIM. I'M MEETIN' HIM THIS EVENIN'!



THE LONE RANGER, EH? BLACK BARTON'LL BE GLAD TUH HEAR THAT.



COME ON, SILVER! THEY NEED OUR HELP TO SMASH BLACK BARTON AND HIS GANG.



THE SHERIFF IS LOOKIN' FER HELP FROM THE LONE RANGER.

I'LL FIX THAT. WE'LL CAPTURE THE SHERIFF'S DAUGHTER!





YOU NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT  
WHERE JANE IS. MY MEN  
ARE HOLDIN' HER.



BARTON, THAT'S GOIN'  
TOO FAR!

SHE'LL BE  
LET GO AFTER  
YOU'VE KILLED  
THE LONE  
RANGER!



THE LONE RANGER!



I KNOW YER COUNTIN' ON THE  
LONE RANGER TUN COME HERE!  
YER TUN RIDE ON ALONE AN'  
AMBUSH HIM!



IT... IT'S  
MURDER!



TONTO WILL BE WAITING  
FOR US IN TOWN SILVER.  
WE'LL SOON BE THERE!



THIS IS MURDER,  
BUT I'D DO  
MORE'N THAT  
TUN SAVE  
JANE'S LIFE!





ME HEAR-UM TALK  
WITH BARTON/ YOU  
TRY KILL-UM LONE  
RANGER.

IS THAT TRUE,  
SHERIFF GREY?

I...IT'S TRUE.  
LONE RANGER.  
BARTON CAP-  
TURED MY  
DAUGHTER.  
HE'LL KILL  
HER IF I  
DON'T  
GET  
YOU!

I CAN UNDERSTAND  
YOUR SITUATION,  
SHERIFF. LET'S  
PLAN A WAY  
TO OUTWIT  
BLACK  
BARTON  
AND HIS  
GANG.

YUH MEAN YOU AIN'T  
GOT THAT  
LONE  
RANGER  
YET?

NO, BARTON, BUT I KNOW  
WHERE HE CAN BE CAP-  
TURED... ALIVE/ YOU  
WAIT AT THE BEND IN  
THE VALLEY.  
I'LL FETCH  
HIM  
THERE!

YOU'LL HELP ME NOW!  
AFTER I TRIED TUN  
KILL YUH?

THAR HE IS, BOYS/ NOW  
CLOSE IN AN' TAKE 'EM  
BOTH!







SO THAT'S BLACK BARTON'S  
HIDE-OUT. NOW TO  
WATCH FOR A  
CHANCE TO ACT!

WHEN  
TOMMY WAS  
CAPTURED, HE LET  
SEEDS TRICKLE FROM  
A SMALL HOLE IN A SADDLE BAG.  
BIRDS MARK THE TRAIL THE OUTLAW'S TOOK.

FROM NOW ON, SQUINT IS GOING TUN  
TAKE CHARGE OF THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE!  
YOU WRITE THE AUTHORITY, TELLIN' YER  
DEPTIES YUN BEEN CALLED OUT O' TOWN!

GOOD THING NO ONE  
IN TOWN KNOWS I  
WORK FOR YOU,  
BARTON.

YOU TAKE CARE OF THE  
SHERIFF'S OFFICE AND  
I'LL SEE THAT YUN GIT  
INSTRUCTIONS!

COME ON, SCOUT!

THE REAL LONE  
RANGER!

I WANT YOU!



MEAN-  
WHILE,  
THE  
LONE  
RANGER  
BATTLES  
SQUINT.



BLACK BARTON WANTS YOU  
AN' HE'LL GIT YUH..  
DEAD!



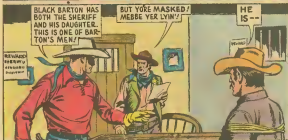


THAT'S IT,  
SCOUT!



WAL, DRILL ME  
AN' BE DONE  
WITH IT!

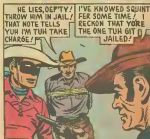
I'M NOT GOING TO SHOOT YOU!  
I HAVE OTHER PLANS. THIS  
PAPER WILL GIVE ME AUTHORITY.  
WE'RE GOING INTO TOWN.



BLACK BARTON HAS  
BOTH THE SHERIFF  
AND HIS DAUGHTER.  
THIS IS ONE OF BAR-  
TON'S MEN!

BUT YORE MASKED!  
MEBBE YER LYIN'!

HE  
IS--



HE LIES, DEPTTY!  
THROW HIM IN JAIL!  
THAT NOTE TELLS  
YUH I'M TUN TAKE  
CHARGE!

I'VE KNOWED SQUINT  
FER SOME TIME! I  
RECKON THAT YORE  
THE ONE TUN GIT  
JAILED!



UNLESS YOU CAN PROVE  
YER NOT A CROOK,  
MISTER, IT'S JAIL  
FER YUH!

TAKE A LOOK  
AT THIS!



A SILVER BULLET! Y-YOU'RE  
THE LONE RANGER! SHERIFF  
GREY SAID YOU 'WAS COMIN'  
HERE! WHERE IS HE?

HE AND HIS  
DAUGHTER ARE  
IN A CAVE.  
BLACK BARTON  
HAS THEM  
PRISONERS.



WE'LL LOCK THIS CRITTUR  
UP, THEN FORM A POSSE.  
YOU'LL LEAD THE WAY!

WAIT! IF YOU ATTACK  
THAT CAVE, THE PRISONERS  
WILL BE KILLED. TRY MY  
PLAN!

WE'RE GOING TO LET YOU  
GO, SQUINT. TAKE A FRESH  
HORSE AND TAKE A MESSAGE  
BACK TO BLACK BARTON!



YUH BLAME FOOL!  
YUH LET THE  
LONE RANGER  
OUTWIT YUH!

I COULDN'T HELP IT, BARTON.  
HE SENT WORD THAT IF YUH  
DIDN'T LET THE PRISONERS  
GO BY SUNDOWN, HE'D BLOW  
US ALL TO ETERNITY!

WELL, IT'S SUNDOWN!  
NOW BE READY FER  
WHATEVER THAT  
MASKED MAN  
TRIES!

HYAR,  
COMES  
SQUINT'S  
HOSS LOPIN'  
IN!





HE KNOWED  
MY  
HOSS  
WOULD COME  
BACK HERE!

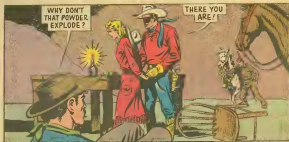


NEMMINE THE PRISONERS!  
LEMME OUT!

WE'LL BE BLOWED TUH  
KINGDOM COME!







# The Lone Ranger

## OUTWITS KILLER DORN

SIM DORN  
DIES,  
LEAVING  
HIS WIFE  
AND  
DAUGHTER  
PART  
OF A MAP.  
HIS  
BROTHER  
IN THE  
EAST HOLDS  
THE REST  
OF THE MAP  
SHOPPING  
THE  
LOCATION  
OF A RICH  
GOLD CLAIM.

THE LETTER AIN'T SEALED,  
MRS. DIXON, BUT I DIDN'T  
READ WHAT UZ IN'T!

IT MUST BE  
FROM UNCLE  
BART!

THE LETTER  
'WE' BEEN  
WAITIN'  
FER!



YER UNCLE BART'LL  
BE HERE ON THE  
NEXT STAGE AN'  
FETCH THE REST  
OF THE MAP  
ALONG WITH  
HIM!

THEN WE CAN LOCATE THE  
GOLD MINE! OH, I DO HOPE  
NOTHING HAPPENS  
TO HIM!



MEANWHILE ON THE STAGE TRAIL...



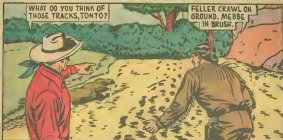
THAT MUCH GUN PLAY  
MEANS TROUBLE.  
TOMTO!

THAT COME FROM  
STAGE TRAIL! WE  
GO SEE-UM.

THERE WAS A PASSENGER!  
WHERE'S HE GONE?

LOOK-UM  
LIKE OUT-  
LAW ON  
GROUND!





WHAT DO YOU THINK OF  
THOSE TRACKS, TOMTO?

FELLER CRAWL ON  
GROUND. MEBBE  
IN BRUSH.



I CAN'T TAKE CHANCES! I'LL  
GRILL THE TWO OF 'EM!



GOOD THING WE CAUGHT THE  
FLASH OF THE SUN ON YOUR  
RIFLE OR YOU MIGHT HAVE  
GRILLED US!

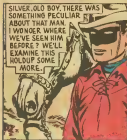
I'M BART OIXON! I WAS A PASSENGER  
ON THAT STAGE. I THOUGHT YOU WAS  
MORE OF THEM MURDERERS! I GOT  
TUM GIT TO MY BROTHER'S PLACE.

YOU CAN RIDE  
BEHIND TONTO. HE'LL  
TAKE YOU THERE.  
I'M GOING TO LOOK  
AROUND HERE FOR  
SOME CLUES TO  
THE KILLERS.

THANKS NO END  
FOR THE LIFT,  
STRANGER.



SILVER, OLD BOY, THERE WAS  
SOMETHING PECULIAR  
ABOUT THAT MAN.  
I WONDER WHERE  
WE'VE SEEN HIM  
BEFORE? WE'LL  
EXAMINE THIS  
HOLDUP SOME  
MORE.



THIS MAN IS THE EASTERNER!  
THAT OTHER MAN WAS AN  
IMPOSTOR! I THOUGHT  
THERE WAS SOMETHING  
CURIOUS ABOUT HIM!



COME ON, FELLOW!  
WE'VE GOT TO OVERTAKE  
THAT CROOK  
BEFORE HE  
MURDERS  
TONTO!











THAT WASN'T THE EASTER EGG,  
TONTO! IT WAS KILLER DORN.  
SCOUT CHASED HIM AWAY.



YOU LET-UM, HIM  
GET AWAY?

I WANTED TO HELP YOU, TONTO,  
BUT NOW WE'LL GO AFTER HIM  
AND SEE WHAT HIS GAME IS!



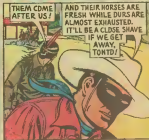
BART DIXON,  
WHATEVER  
WAS  
HAPPENED?

THE STAGE WAS ATTACKED AND  
I WAS CHASED HERE BY THE  
KILLERS. CALL ALL THE MEN IN!  
WE GOT TUN MEET'EM WITH GUNS!



BE READY NOW, BOYS, AN' WHEN THEY  
GIT CLOSER, SHOOT TUN KILL!  
THEM TWO  
HELD UP THE  
STAGE!







THEY CAN'T GIT AWAY,  
BOYS! CLOSE IN ON  
'EM AN' SHOOT  
TO KILL!



WE CAN'T OUTFRIN THEIR FRESH HORSES,  
TONTU. WE MUST OUTWIT THEM, TILL WE  
CAN PROVE THAT MAN IS KILLER  
DORN.

WHAT  
DO-UM?



ME SAVVY, WRAP HOOPS  
SO NOT LEAVE-UM  
TRACKS.

NOW OUR TRAIL  
SEEMS TO LEAD  
RIGHT OVER THE  
PRECIPICE.



WENT OVER THE  
EDGE BEFORE  
THEY COULD  
STOP THEIR  
HORSES!

LOOKS LIKE  
THEM TWO  
ARE DONE  
FER ALL  
RIGHT!

GIT BACK  
TO THE  
HOUSE! I GOT  
BUSINESS  
WITH THE  
WIMMIN  
FOLK.



BUT, UNCLE SART  
WHY D'YOU  
WANT TO FIRE  
OUR HIRED  
MEN?

DON'T TRUST NONE OF  
'EM, JEAN. IF I'M TUN  
RUN MY DEAD BROTH-  
ER'S AFFAIRS, I'LL  
HIRE THE MEN MYSELF  
NOW, ABOUT  
THAT MAP.



THERE'S THE  
HALF YOUR  
BROTHER  
LEFT WITH  
ME.

GOOD. I GOT THE  
OTHER HALF  
RIGHT HERE.



GIT A LIGHT! I GOT THE CRITTER THAT  
CAME THROUGH THE WINDOW!



NOW WE'LL SEE WHO  
HE IS!



SHERIFF!  
WHERE'D  
YOU COME  
FROM?

DAD RAT IT! I WAS HEADIN'  
HERE TO ASK ABOUT THE  
STAGE HOLDUP. I HEARD  
THE SHOT, RUSHED IN AND  
YOU GRABBED ME!



THE MAP IS GONE! BOTH  
PARTS OF IT! AND THERE'S  
A BULLET IN IT'S PLACE!

A  
SILVER  
BULLET!



HI YO, SILVER! AWAY!

IT'S THIS MAP THAT DORN WAS AFTER!  
THAT'S WHY HE KILLED THE MAN FROM THE  
EAST WHO BROUGHT HALF  
OF IT HERE!



THE TROUBLE IS, TONTO, MRS. DIXON  
THINKS KILLER DORN IS HER  
DEAD HUSBAND'S BROTHER.  
AND THERE'S NO WAY  
WE CAN PROVE  
OTHERWISE!

LAW  
WANT-UM  
US!



AND THE LAW WAS GOT YUH! YER WANTED  
FER STOPPIN' THE STAGE AN' MURDERIN'  
THE GUARD AN' DRIVER! MAKE  
ONE FAST MOVE, AN' WE SHOOT!



I'M TAKIN'  
YUH BACK  
TUH DIXON'S  
PLACE.

I'LL GO TO DIXON'S  
QUIETLY, IF YOU  
WON'T UNMASK  
ME! THE MAN YOU  
THINK IS BART  
DIXON IS REALLY  
KILLER DORN!



(WHISPERS) I JUST  
WANT A CHANCE  
TO STUDY THIS  
MAP, TONTO. THE  
SHERIFF HASN'T  
SEARCHED US YET.







## THE KIDNAPPERS

MAKE UP AND  
ITS ENGINEER



TELL ME, WHAT  
WAS YOUR SCENE  
TO SAY?

HMM NOT TALK  
 NOW - HMM  
 DEAD







SIX MONTHS LATER, MRS. JIMMY FINDS THE HOME OF HUGO AND MISSOURI, TWO ENTERTAINERS ARE MAKING BUSINESS

"I JUST HAPPENED I DO KNOW OF A YOUNG MAN NAMED JIMMY JONES."

"WE'LL FIND HIM FOR THE HAWK HARTON."



"IF JIMMY HAD COIN, HE'D HAVE HAD A FORTUNE, BUT NOW THAT HE'S ALIVE..."

"HE WOULDN'T BE ALIVE, BUTS WE'LL GO BACK EAST WITH PROOF THAT HE'S DEAD."



"WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE JIMMY FROM THOSE DANCERS AND SEE THAT HE HAS AN ACCIDENT BEFORE HE GETS BACK EAST."

"IF WE DON'T, HE'LL GET HIS INHERITANCE AND WE WON'T GET A CENT."



"ARE YOU SURE, TONED, THAT IT WAS JIMMY JONES THEY WERE TALKING ABOUT?"

"THAT'S RIGHT, TONED, I'M SURE."



"WE'LL HURRY TO MISSOURI AND HUGO AND WATCH THEM NOT TO LET THOSE MEN TAKE THE BOY!"

"OVER-WE GET IN THERE BY DANCE-BOYS."



MEANWHILE...

"TIME FOR TWO NOW, JIMMY."

"I'M DON'T YOU WORRY NOW, AND THAT COULD BE THAT'S BEEN HANGING AROUND!"

"THEY'RE GOING TO SEE ME - IT'S A-PLenty DEEP!"



THOSE THE BANDAIDS, TOMO! I'LL LEAVE THE HORSES HERE WHILE WE WATCH PASSOONERS AND JUDGE AKA, SO HE CAN MEET THE BOAT!



I DIDN'T HEAR THE CORUARD AROUND LAST NIGHT, DID YOU, MARY?

NOPE - I WONDER IF HE OCCUPIED WITH THE PATROLL?



IF HE DIDN'T HAVE THE FEED KEEPS - THAT WAS AN OLD EGG! I MADE THE TRAP SET OFF, AN ITS BURNIN' DEEP!

















THAT TRAP!

IS JANNY'S DOG?



THAT BULLDOG WILL LOSE THE PRIZE...



THESE MEN WILL STOP AT NOTHING, TONTO.  
THEY MAY EVEN KILL THE BOY  
BEFORE WE GET TO THEM.



BUT SO FAST, YOU MURDERER, THE LAW  
WANTS BOTH OF YOU!



THESE PAPERS  
SALES HAD  
PROVE THAT  
JANNY IS HERE  
TO A FORTUNE  
IF HE HAD DIED.  
IT WOULD HAVE  
GONE TO THESE  
CRIMINAL  
RELATIONS

THEY'LL  
BE ALL  
THEY  
COMING  
THE  
TRAIL  
THROUGH  
THE VALLEY

AND BY  
THE  
JANNY  
AINT  
ABOUT  
THE  
LEAVE  
US  
AGAIN!

# Little Man's FRIENDSHIP



"Antelope Boy!" cried Bah Chee, jumping up from her sewing. "What HAVE you got on your legs?"

"Boots," replied her small brother with an impudent grin. "White-Man moccasins that Little Man took from the Chief of the White Soldiers. He can't wear them, so he gave them to me. They make me walk funny—see?"

Walking spraddle-legged, in cavalry boots that came to his small hips, Antelope Boy did some first-class clowning. Bah Chee giggled in spite of herself—then called out in alarm as the child waded into the creek.

"Antelope Boy, come out of there. Don't you dare wet Little Man's White-Man moccasins—"

"Let him go," somebody chuckled behind her shoulder. "These boots are no good . . ."

Bah Chee whirled to face the laughing boy, her eyes wide and startled. Standing there under the blossoming peach trees, they were a handsome pair. At sixteen, Little Man was already as tall and muscular as most

Navajos, with fine features. He had an easy, confident manner—a little TOO confident, since his bold stunt of riding off with a cavalry captain's thoroughbred horse and the captain's best uniform!

Bah Chee, though only fifteen, appeared more grown up. She moved with the swift ease of a young antelope. Her face had the strong, rare beauty that some Navajo girls possess, along with a clever brain. Little Man admired her tremendously. On the other hand, she made him feel uncomfortably young!

"If you steal up behind me like that again, Little Man," she scolded, "I—I'll never let you give me another gift!"

" . . . like those gold buttons from the White Chief's shirt that you're sewing onto your blouse?" the boy retorted, grinning. "I like you when your eyes are angry, Bah Chee. Someday I shall make another raid on the White Soldiers—or perhaps on the Apaches—and bring back MANY horses. Then I will pay your father, Walking Man, the wife-price he asks for you, and we shall be

named."

Bah Chee turned away quickly.

"Little Man has many fine dreams," she remarked with a mocking smile. "But dreams are not horses."

Sudden, stormy anger darkened Little Man's eyes. With a grunt, he turned and strode to the great bay gelding that grazed at the edge of the orchard. Snatching the halter rope, he sprang onto the thoroughbred's back. Beside Bah Chee, he reined Tall Horse back on his haunches.

"I am going," he declared loudly. "And I will not come back without TWICE as many horses as Walking Man wants—just to show you that I can, Bah Chee!"

As the drumming of other hoofs, Tall Horse swung around. It was Buffalo Calf, Bah Chee's twin brother, on his grulla pony.

"I heard what you said," called the younger boy, "and I'm going with you, Little Man! When do we start?"

"Now!" Little Man shouted, kicking his heels against the bay's ribs. Tall Horse pawed the air—and shot away like an arrow.

"No! No!" cried Bah Chee, too late to be heard.

Bah Chee stood watching their wild gallop down the canyon. When at last a bend in the towering red rock walls hid the boys from view, she caught her breath in a little sob.

"The Apaches may ambush them," she murmured. "Or the White Soldiers' guns may shoot them down. Perhaps—they will never come back!"

Two weeks of scouting had brought the boys no luck. There'd been danger aplenty, and some excitement. Trying to duplicate his stunt of running off cavalry horses at night, Little Man had been nicked by a rifle bullet. The wound would leave a fine scar to show his friends—but it hadn't won him any horses.

A week later an Apache war party had chased them for thirty miles.

They'd wanted Little Man's big stallion, and had let Buffalo Calf get away alone. But Tall Horse had outrun all pursuers.

Now he and the grulla pony were thin from too-long traveling. They should head for home, Little Man knew. But after the boast he'd made to Bah Chee, he couldn't give up.

"We will ride on south into Old Mexico," he told Buffalo Calf. "My 'medicine' tells me that we shall find horses there."

"That is Comanche country," Buffalo Calf remarked. "And the Comanches have slow and terrible ways of killing captives . . . But if we can get fresh horses to ride, we'll have a chance."





Little Man kicked his tall boy into a trot, heading southward. His heart felt warm with pride in his younger friend. Buffalo Calf was tired and discouraged. The boys hadn't eaten a full meal for three days. But Buffalo Calf's loyalty wouldn't let him complain. He would follow Little Man till he dropped!

Late that afternoon they struck the broad trail of a horse herd. By sundown they had followed it across the Mexican Border. Two hours after dark, they lay on their stomachs on a rough volcanic rock above the Comanches' campfire.

The horses—half a hundred of them—were held in a shallow bowl of the rocky landscape. Probably they had been stolen from Mexican ranches. In any case, they were fair game, if there were any way to capture them. But that was a big "IF!"

"How many Comanches did you count?" Little Man whispered to his companion.

"Six," Buffalo Calf replied, "not counting the two who are guarding the horses. But I see only four around the fire right now."

"They may be out scouting around the camp," muttered Little Man nervously. "Wait here, Buffalo Calf, while I move our own horses to a safer place."

No prairie wolf could have moved

more silently than Little Man. And it was well that he did! Fifty or sixty yards still lay between him and the two horses when he heard his big boy snort. To Little Man's ears came muttered Comanche words—then a pounding of hoofs. **THEY HAD TAKEN AWAY TALL HORSE AND THE GRULLA PONY!**

This was bad enough. But now every Comanche that could be spared from the horse guard would be looking for two prowling Navajos—Buffalo Calf and himself!

With his heart in his mouth Little Man hurried back. As he neared the spot where he had left the other boy, a cold fear crept up his spine. All at once he knew the truth—Buffalo Calf was not there. Buffalo Calf had been captured!

In that moment, Little Man wished he were dead. He felt crushed under a mountain of guilt. He felt the eyes of his whole tribe—especially the eyes of Bah Chee—accusing him: "You have led your friend to his death—your friend!"

A terrible sob rose in Little Man's throat. Then anger swept over him in a hot wave. "NO! NO!" he vowed to himself. "Buffalo Calf shall not die alone. I will take him away from the Comanches—or I will die with him!"

# YOUNG HAWK



LOOK OUT, YOUNG HAWK! THAT BUFFALO CALF IS GOING TO BUTT YOU--



BRAWP!

OH!



HA-NA-NA! DANCE, LITTLE BULL! YOU WON'T CATCH ME DANCING AGAIN!



"DANCING BULL" - THAT'S WHAT I'LL CALL YOU-- BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO STOP FOOLING NOW, AND PULL OUR TRAVOIS.



DANCING BULL LIKES TO WORK NOW THAT HE HAS LEARNED.

WHY NOT? HE'S GETTING BIGGER AND STRONGER, EVERY DAY.



I HEARD WOLVES LAST NIGHT, YOUNG HAWK-- THEY MADE ME AFRAID FOR DANCING BULL.

YES, I HEARD THEM TOO, WHITE FAWN.

A THREE-  
POINTED  
WAR CLUB!

YES! I'LL NEED IT IF THE  
WOLVES ATTACK  
WHEN IT'S TOO DARK  
TO SHOOT A BOW.

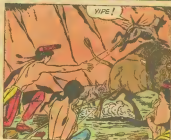
GOOD! THE PINE HAS  
HARDENED AND SHARP-  
ENED ALL OF THE THREE  
POINTS-- IT'S A WAR  
CLUB FIT FOR A CHIEF!



THAT NIGHT, AT THE CAMPFIRE --



THAT NIGHT THE TRAILING WOLVES  
DO NOT HOWL.



WITH A WILD WAAH-WHOOP! YOUNG HAWK LEAPS TO HELP - BUT THE CRAWLED WOLF IS ALREADY GONE FOR .



THE OTHER WOLVES - WILL THEY COME BACK?

NOT TONIGHT! THEY'VE HAD ENOUGH.



THE NEXT DAY -

THE GREAT RIVER! I KNOW WHERE WE ARE NOW - WE'LL SOON BE HOME .



OUR VILLAGE IS ONLY ONE DAY'S MARCH BEYOND HERE.

BUT WE CAN'T CROSS UNTIL THE RIVER GOES DOWN. IT'S FLOODING NOW.



WHITE FAWN IS RIGHT! WE'LL CAMP HERE, AND I WILL HUNT FOR MEAT - WHILE HE WAIT FOR THE FLOOD TO PASS.



THERE OUGHT TO BE RABBITS IN THIS GRASS .



THERE'S OUR DINNER!



A POOR FIRE! THAT'S WHAT  
FRIGHTENED THOSE ANTELOPE!



THE WIND IS BLOWING THE  
FIRE STRAIGHT TOWARD US!



THE FIRE IS SWEEPING DOWN ON  
BOTH SIDES OF THE RIVER! WE'LL  
HAVE TO TAKE TO THE WATER TILL  
IT HAS PASSED.

BUT WE'LL  
DROWN -



YOUNG HAWK, I SAW AN ISLAND  
IN THE RIVER, WHEN YOU WERE  
HUNTING - IT'S DOWNSTREAM -  
THAT WAY.

AN ISLAND?  
WE CAN  
SWIM TO IT!

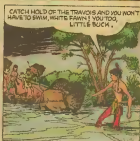


FASTER! WE'RE  
ALMOST THERE!

BUT I CAN'T  
SWIM -



CATCH HOLD OF THE TRAILS AND YOU WON'T  
HAVE TO SWIM, WHITE FAWN! YOU TOO,  
LITTLE ROCK.





DANCING BULL IS A  
STRONG SWIMMER...  
HE'LL TAKE US TO THE  
ISLAND.

THE FIRE IS ON THE  
BANK! IT IS REACHING  
OUT ACROSS THE WATER!



SWAGGY BUFFALO, TRAPPED BY A BACKFIRE,  
TAKES TO THE RIVER...



... BUT THE FIERCE CURRENT CARRIES THEM  
PAST THE ISLAND BEFORE.



GUIDED BY YOUNG HAWK, DANCING BULL NAVIGATES  
THE UPSTREAM END.



ARE WE SAFE NOW,  
YOUNG HAWK? THE  
SMOKE AND HEAT ARE  
WORSE...

THIS ISLAND IS TOO  
NEAR THE SHORE - BUT  
THERE IS SOMETHING  
WE CAN DO.



SEE! THERE'S A BEAR - AND TWO ANTELOPE -  
AND SOME COYOTES - ALL ON OUR ISLAND!





## SUBSCRIBE NOW--MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

Please print your name clearly in pencil.

**READER:** Please use this side for YOUR OWN SUBSCRIPTION

DELL PUBLISHING CO., Dept. E.L.R.  
361 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Send FREE Membership Certificate and Personalized Name Emblem with subscription to THE LORE RANGER to:

Name  Age

St. and No.

City  State

CHECK ONE

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES

- ☐ 1 year for \$1.00  
☐ 2 years for 1.85  
☐ 3 years for 2.75

No Canadian Subscriptions Accepted  
 Foreign Countries ☐ \$2.00 for 1 year

I am enclosing remittance for \$  in full payment for my subscription.

**DONOR:** If you wish to send gift subscriptions, in addition to those provided on opposite side at top, please list on plain paper giving name, address, and age of recipient.

**DONOR:** Please use this side for GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS

DELL PUBLISHING CO., Dept. E.L.R.  
361 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Send FREE Membership Certificate and Personalized Name Emblem with subscription to THE LORE RANGER to:

Name  Age

St. and No.

City  State

☐ 1 year \$1.00 ☐ 2 years \$1.85 ☐ 3 years \$2.75

Name  Age

St. and No.

City  State

☐ 1 year \$1.00 ☐ 2 years \$1.85 ☐ 3 years \$2.75

I am enclosing remittance for \$  in full payment.

ENCLOSE GIFT CARD TO READ FROM:

Donor's Name

Address

Relationship

\* \* Unless otherwise stated, emblem will be made out to first name of subscriber.

**Hi-ho, Silver, Away!**

We've got to be on our way . . . we must tell all our friends about this wonderful new gift!



Read this  
exciting news  
**free** direct  
from the  
**LONE RANGER**

Splendid membership emblem and attractive membership certificate **GIVEN AWAY** with every subscription to  
**The Lone Ranger Comics**

Look! Yes, yes, will you like this wonderful gift? It's a membership emblem in the LONE RANGER. It will have your name on it in the center. It's the coolest thing to wear on your shirt sleeve.

**for BOYS**



I think this red heart emblem is really a gorgeous idea. It's beautifully made of fine felt. You can sew it in a jiffy on your blouse. Just the way I did it . . .

**for GIRLS**



**Now! It's DOUBLE fun to read the Lone Ranger regularly!**

You will get your full share of breathtaking thrills when you take this feature. It gives you right and justice on his quick-moving adventures. You'll admire Silver, his fast horse, and Tonto, his Indian friend. They are a team that cannot lose . . . And you too cannot lose if you accept this invitation. Subscribe to THE LONE RANGER for one year and get 12 extra-special issues for just \$1.00. You also get FREE—your emblem and membership certificate.

**Kid! Be smart!**

Everybody likes these beautiful gifts! They will be gone soon! Send your order today—while the supply lasts!

**Yours FREE . . .**

**COLORFUL MEMBERSHIP CERTIFICATE!**

It's pictured below! But you've got to see it for yourself! It's made out in your own name—with pictures and signatures of ALL Dell Comics favorites—and you'll love that added feature, a money-saving invitation to join THE INNER CIRCLE!



This offer good for limited time only! Better hurry! Be one jump ahead of your friends! Enjoy these fine premiums—Rush coupon NOW!



**DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS**

